

T H E

3

'SQUIRE Burlesqu'd:

O R,

The SHARPERS Outwitted.

A

C O M E D Y.

XX

By BARTHOLOMEW BOURGEOIS.

XX

MULTUM IN PARVO.

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Printed in the Y E A R MDCCLXV.

SOULIER Butcher

O. R.

The SHARPERS Outfitters

C. O. M. E. D. V.

BY THE LONDON NEW BOURGHOSE

Printed in 1840.

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TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
JOHN Lord Viscount SPENCER.

MY LORD,

I Wrote the following PLAY for my amusement, and at the earnest request of several Gentlemen (judges of dramatic performances,) was prevail'd upon to have it printed; but as the reception things of this nature meet with, depend greatly on what manner they are first introduc'd to the public; I thought it quite necessary to dedicate it to one, whose personal merit, and fortune, had render'd him conspicuous, and estimable in the world. Every circumstance in life luckily concurring to render your Lordship so, together with the sensible proofs I've had of your Lordship's generosity to me, and my family already, induc'd me to give this small proof of my gratitude; and shou'd I be so fortunate as to gain your Lordship's approbation, undoubtedly it will be universally approv'd of, which is all the reward that will be desired, or expected, By

My LORD,

Your Lordship's

most obedient, most obliged,

and most devoted humble Servant,

B. BOURGEOIS.

P R O L O G U E.

Spoken by B U S H.

Bush. **E**FEGS, I hardly know what I'm to say,
A Prologue! aye, a Prologue to this play,
Let me consider—wounds, but I've forgot,
My measter, 'Squire Thistle—Was it not?

Enter a fine Gentleman.

Gent. Yes, Sir, it was! and damme, what by that?

No prologues here; the play will do without.

So if you have no more to say, turn out!

An Epilogue indeed, it may require,

In vindication of this country 'Squire;

But if there's none, pray what is that to you?

Bush. But pray thee measter, don't meak such ado,

I am no poet, for I only ceam

To say a Prologue—but forgot the neam.

Gent. What sacrilege is this? why silly noddie,

For half a word I'd run you thro' the body—

How dare you think of saying Prologues here?

The quintessence of bread, and cheese and beer.

Could never sure ingender Prologue wit,

And gain applause in either box or pit;

Where critics sit like ravens on the trees,

With leave to kiss and d—n whate'er they please.

Bush. Mayhap they may, I donna care for that,

My neam is Bush; I'll give 'um tit for tat:

For tho' I'm us'd to follow measter's plough,

Yet I can read and write, and meak a bow,

Can drive a cart, and sometimes milk a cow;

And oft at ybeam, 'tis true as I'm a sinner,

To go to church, I've went without my dinner:

And that is more than half the folk can say,

That's cum to see this new invented play;

For 'fegs, awn ladies, gentlewolk, and lards,

Do nought o' Sundays naw, but play at cards.

And

P R O L O G U E.

And once I stole a neighbour's cock and hen,
I was so 'vraid, I turn'd 'um back again.
And tho' mayhap I've not so vine a feace,
As many one that's painted in this pleace,
Yet parson says, I'm not without some greace.
So now yaw know more than yaw knew before,
As oftentimes one finds a prude a whoare.

Gent. Was ever such presumption known before,
To call a well-bred lady, What? a whore!
And take their names, aye, and their Lord in vain,
And wickedly their sacred rites profane.
Do not you know 'tis blasphemy to say,
That men of rank have ever us'd foul play!
To cheat at cards's genteel, the ladies know,
It qualifies a belle, and makes a beau.

Bush. Mayhap it may, but donna talk so vast,
What I have said, I'll stand to, to the last.
For I am honest, and am good when pleays'd,
But I'm a very devil when I'm teaz'd.
So have a care, for I'm not afraid
Of yow, nor any of your rhyming treade.
And 'segs were I at ybeam, for what you've said,
Without a prologue I'd a broke your yhead. (bell?)

Gent. Unpolish'd clown! (Bell rings) but what is this the

Bush. Mayhap it is for prayers; pray can yow tell?

Gent. For prayers, you monster! folks are too polite,
To pray by day, much less by candle light.
'Tis playhouse time, you booby; learn more wit.
And never think of prayers before a pit. [Exit.]

Bush. Praud spoken fellow, with his high flown talk,
I'd lay a wager he's not worth a groat.
More cry, less wool, my mother always said,
Egad he thought to meak poor Bush avraid.
But I'll e'en gang me too, mayhap they may
Give me a part to act o' this new play:
For I'm not s' ugly, tho' I've yellow hair,
And sorrel eye-brows, so you need not stare—

And

P R O L O G U E.

*And if I'd only zwoard, and viner cloase,
I'd leuk as farringly as yonder beaux,
And force a laugh, wear golden ybeaded cane,
And take a lodging house near Drury-Lane,
And when I'd learn'd to lie, and drink, and swear,
I'd be as great a man as any there.* (Exit.)

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

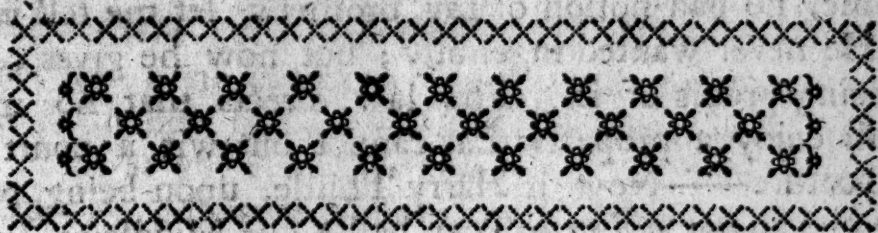
THISTLE, The Country 'Squire.
BEVERIDGE, A Merchant, Uncle to Thistle.
TRICKUM, A Lawyer.
Lord HARKINGTON, A Courtier.
Colonel DELLAMOUR, in Love with Amethist.
PAIRROYAL, }
SHAVERALL, } Two Sharpers.
BUSH, Thistle's Servant:
SURPLICE, A Parson.

W O M E N.

Miss DEBORAH, Thistle's Sister in love with Pairroyal.
AMETHIST, A Courtezan.
BELLINDA, A Woman of the Town.

Attendants, Constables, Waiters, &c.

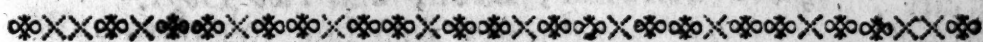
S C E N E, in L O N D O N.



T H E
'S Q U I R E Burlesqu'd !

O R,

The S H A R P E R S Outwitted.



A C T I. S C E N E I.

B E V E R I D G E *solus.* (Reading.

Dear Beveridge,
 UR nephew Thistle will be in town next week. You know the youngster is none of the wisest, and as soon as the grief for his father's death is a little obliterated, I propose filing a bill in Chancery against him and bringing him in, *non compos mentis*, a circumstance that will increase our fortunes considerably, and have all the appearance of justice. — His sister will pay you a visit, and you may take some similar method to appropriate her fortune to yourself. A sum of money well applied to the civilians, with some necessary advice to the 'quire, will effectually accomplish our scheme. I believe I need not urge you to a thing so much to both our advantages, and am

Snakes-Hall,

LANCASHIRE.

Your loving brother,

and obedient servant,

HARRY BEVERIDGE.

Come, no bad notion of my brother's, let me tell you.—He never wanted ingenuity; but now he gives convincing proofs of it. The law directs that no man shall enjoy a property that cannot out-wit a court of judicature——Now if Harry Thistle, upon being prosecuted in our *nisi prius*, can baffle our Middlesex Jury, after their sentiments are mollify'd with money, I'll say he richly deserves his estate. I'll go and acquaint Counsellor Trickum of this, and on my return, probably may hear something of the young defendant. (*Exit.*)

S C E N E II.

'Squire THISTLE, BUSH, and two Dogs.

Thistle. Tyokes! Tyhoakes! my lads! there's Lun-nun, Bush——

Bush. It seems a plaguy smoaky plect.—I wish we were at yheam again——I om soor Rachael will ne'er sleep a night without dreaming of highway folks, and the court; and thieves, and Lord Harkington, and the devil knows who.

Thistle. You and your wife's much of a muchness—You're alwayes thinking of nonsense. You mun leave off your countryfied wayes now, and wear your lac'd hat every day cock'd, and new buckskin breeches, Bush.

Bush. Aye, 'Squire Thistle, I've too sorry for old measter's been in heaven to wear cock'd hat so soon.

Thistle. Why you blockhead, if feather's dead and gone, mun we be alwayes whimpering and whining? What's dun is dun, and there's an end on't. I'm going to keep better carriage than feather did. I'll have a new chariot, such an one, as Leady Mode has, and six new chestnuts, that I wool, and Thistle, and Crown, painted all round.

Bush.

Bush. Am soor yawre worship's to bleam if yaw part with them good neayter'd titts. They drew his old worship these fawrteen years, and ne'er meayd ten stumbels neet or day—And old coach is as seameley a coach as any abawt the country; I'm soor when our familly'd gow tow Nooton, or Fumble to see 'Squire Beachum, all folk o' the roayd ood stop to see't pass. I wayrrant it ood hawld twenty big folk at least, and as good a team o' caytle as any for fifty moiles.

Thistle. Hold thy blabber, Bush: Thou knawest naought o' the matter, I'll ha new coach, and kine too, that I wool, and devil shan't hinder ma.

Bush. Aye, yaw alwayes was yhead-strong, 'Squire; black ox hasn't trod's foot on thee yet.

Thistle. This clatter wona dow my business, Bush. Wee mun go, and seek where Lord Harkingron dwells, and perhaps he may do sommat for whoyn.

Bush. Yawr will is my pleasure 'Squire. I wish yaw may be meayd a member of parliament: I'm soore awyre neighbooryhood ood give their votes—But I donaw liake sommat—'Squire Beveridge is cunning old genman—I have yheard zomat at varmer Grain's yhouse that 'Squire Beveridge had design o' the young 'Squire, and that he'd get's estate from hum if he could.

Thistle. Hold yawre tung yow booby yow! Dost think that nunckle has half sense Thistle has!

Bush. Nay! I cannaw tell, folk wool talk, and old men have wise heads: But it is noa bread o' my beayking, and God knows every thing.

Thistle. I know yawr a great feul, take care o' dogs, Bush. Tyhoakes; Tyhoakes! [Exeunt.]

S C E N E III.

Lord HARKINGTON, THISTLE.

Thistle. Servant Sur, are yaw Lurd Harkington pray? Your dutiful iervant.

Lord

Lord Hark. Harkington; Yes. Your name, and business?

Thistle. My neame is Harry Thistle, son of 'Squire Thistle of Ootleby, near Fumble in Lancashire, and cousin to Madam Tory, and relation to Justice Mittum of Youwburn.

Lord Hark. Sir?

Thistle. I om cum to Lunun to ask your Lordship's blessing. [*kneels*] I've yheard feayther talk of yow sur, very oftun—Here's a letter that unckle Beveridge sent you—(*gives a letter*)

Lord Hark. You'll rise—Thistle in Lancashire—I've some confus'd idea of some such a name—You're of that family?

Thistle. Yes—please your Lordship, and veather. said that he never had a more dutiful son. This is unckle's letter [*rises*] 'Squire Beveridge—(*gives a letter*)

Lord Hark. Beveridge!—I know him.—(*reads*)

' Lord Harkington,

' Sir, I have taken the liberty to make my compliments to you, by my nephew, Henry Thistle—You'll excuse any insufficiency in him, and attribute it to a country education. He seems inclin'd to serve in the army, and thinks the knowledge you had of his father may induce you to recommend him, but referring him to you. I am your Lordship's

Snakes-Hall,

' most obedient humble servant,

LANCASHIRE.

' HENRY BEVERIDGE.

I hope your uncle's well—he informs me you're desirous of going into the army—I shall see the commander in chief probably within a fortnight, and perhaps may mention you to him. Footman! tell Commissioner Signet—I'll speak him immediately.—Sir—you'll—

(*exit.*)

Thistle. Weal, your worship's in a plaguy hurry---I think yow might ha ask'd one to yeat a bit of victual, or crink somat:—but it's like your Lunun manners,

with

with your fine proud talk---but Thistle ull ne'er mind um. I'll go and zee Lunun unckle, naw. *(exit.)*

S C E N E. IV.

BEVERIDGE *solus.*

Young Thistle I hear's in town---I suppose I shall be visited by him presently---The sooner the better.---I have prepar'd matters so as to have him a defendant in law at an hour's notice; *(knocks)* walk in,

Enter THISTLE,

Here he is ---His physiognomy will cast him at Westminster in ten minutes.

Thistle. Zervant sur. Ar you my unckle, sur?

Beveridge. I believe I may, Sir. Your name's Thistle, I presume?

Thistle. Harry Thistle, Sur.---Ask your blessing, *(kneels)* with God's grace hope to see you at my 'state---Have brought yow two beagles of my veather's pack.

Beveridge. Sir, I thank you. I felicitate you on your arrival in town, and expect you'll make my house your home.

Thistle. Yaw're very kind, sur. I just ceam from his worship Lord Harkington, and geave hum a letter my unckle Harry wrote to 'um, and he turn'd abawt like a dog in a frying pan, and ne'er so much ask'd one to sit dawn.

Beveridge. His Lordship wes probably in a hurry.---You must know these great men have always a deal of business on their hands.

Thistle. Dam um, he dowsn't know what good breeding is;---has mour mooney than wit by half, like many others, I think.

Beveridge. Why it very often happens so, nephew---But you mustn't swear, Sir;---It is a very unprofitable vice---And take care what company you get in here---You may be imposed upon; one half of this town strives

to deceive the other. You must not think to meet with such people here, as you do in the country. In London they are as sharp as needles.

Thistle. I'll be as sharp as them, be'um as sharp as they wool; I wasn't seven years learning to write, and read, and cast 'counts, for nought.

Beveridge. True, nephew. You seem to have a good head-piece: But you should not make yourself too sure. How long do you propose staying in town, Sir?

Thistle. Why, I cannow teayl. With God's grace, till woodcocks are flush again——For I wool ha my freak out.

Beveridge. You'll undoubtedly like some of our diversions.

Thistle. Why mayhap I may. When I'm at yheam I naw and ten take tip at toa with zom of our young varmers. Go to weayke, or play football.

Beveridge. Very wholesome exercises, Sir; but they are not us'd in town. We have play-houses, an opera, and a good masquerade.

Thistle. Uproar, and faskereayde! I've yheard sifter reayd so.

Beveridge. But you must take care to enter into no parties at play: There's not a man frequents a billiard table here, or shakes a dice box, but makes it a point to cheat if he can.

Thistle. I'll forgive 'um unckle, if they sheat me at skettles, or shuffle-board, and I'll play as good a geam at cribbage, as any one o' the country.

Beveridge. But dinner is nigh ready, Sir. Please to walk this way. *(going.)*

Thistle. Why aye; I was somewhat peaykish; 'tis soopur time o' awr country naw.

Beveridge. And afterwards I'll introduce you to a fine lady, Sir. What say you, nephew?

Thistle. Tyhokes! my little bucks! I'll be one upon her taw quickly. *(exeunt.)*

SCENE

S C E N E V.

BEVERIDGE, THISTLE, AMETHIST.

Beveridge. Madam, this is Thistle, my nephew, a gentleman of family and fortune.

Amethist. Sir! (*courtesey.*)

Beveridge. I have the honour to introduce him to you, and leave you together.

Amethist. It's sufficient Sir; I shall have no sort of difficulty of being acquainted with the gentleman.

Beveridge. Madam your most obedient. (*exit.*)

Thistle. Good buoy, unckle.

Amethist. How long have you been in town, Sir? I presume you've just come out of the country. [*To Thistle.*

Thistle. Aye, I lit from hoarse this morning. Om 'Squire Thistle's son of Ootleby, near Fumble in Lancashire: and now veather's deayd and gone, I's 'Squire Thistle, Mefs, and if yaw'll cum to awr pleace, mayhap I may marry you: I's good neatur'd when I'm pleas'd——Give me a bufs. (*salutes her.*)

Amethist. (*aside*) This is a droll subject. (*aloud*) Pray Sir, do you take them liberties with the ladies, where you come from?

Thistle. Effegs I donnaw, chick. For I wudn't give a —— for half women o' the country; and yaw may teak is as great favor, Mefs, that I ga'en you that.

Amethist. (*laughs*) Sir, it is an unmerited honor conferr'd upon your most obedient.—(*courtesey*)—But you must be cautious, Sir, how you take them liberties again, or you'll certainly incur my displeasure.—I flatter myself, Sir, you understand my meaning——

Thistle. None of your fiane fiddle, come——high flown speeches to me, Miss; let's heave a geame at romps now; what say yow? (*lays bold of Amethist.*)

Amethist. Fire! fire! (*shrieks out.*)

Thistle. Yow're squeamish, Madam: I'se ne'er cum again if ouse so praud. Enter

Enter Colonel DELLAMOUR.

Col. What's this? What liberties have you been taking with this lady, Sir?

Ametbist. Pray Colonel, assist me! If you hadn't have come just as you did, I believe this monster would have depriv'd me of my honor.

Col. (*draws*) Sirrah! How dare you venture to satisfy your appetite at the expence of a lady's reputation? Defend yourself!—or receive th' immediate reward due to so unpardonable a presumption.

Thistle. Murder! Murder! Murder! (*roaring, defending himself with his whip and runs off.*)

Col. Villain! (*runs after him.*)

Ametbist. Colonel, don't mind the booby!—Well, I should not be sorry if he was to dispatch him. I never saw so unpolish'd a country clown in my days: he exceeds any burlesque of one in comedy. (*knocks*) Who's that? Come in,

Enter BUSH.

Bush. Zervant Ladyship.

Ametbist. Pray, who are you?

Bush. I'se Bush; om cum to see if's young worship's here, my measter, 'Squire Thistle.

Ametbist. Your monster, you mean, Sir! Go about your business, Sirrah! if you belong to him.

Bush. Yaw're very touchey methinks too, and your Lunun manners, thinkyow might haga'en one an answer.

Re-enter Colonel DELLAMOUR.

Col. The booby escap'd my vengeance. However he shan't attribute any merit to himself from the affair; or I'll write him a challenge. Who's that?

Ametbist. An impertinent servant of his; I can't get him out of my house.

Col. He seems one of the same family. These country boobies have nothing to distinguish themselves from their servants but their liveries. Fellow, go away!

Bush.

Bush. Please your worship——

Col. Villain! don't pollute me with so loathsome an epithet, or I'll incapacitate you. [*Exit Bush, roaring.*

(*Colonel and Amethist laughs.*

Col. Pray how came you in this company?

Amethist. By meer accident I assure you, for it was no more my inclination than my choice; but Beveridge thinking to pay a compliment, introduc'd him to me as a person of family and fortune, and left him to entertain me.

Col. A very rustic sort of a gentleman to address a lady, upon my honor.

Amethist. And very agreeably entertain'd, I was sure, for he had no sooner given me an awkward account of himself and family, and Thistle, and Fumble, and the Lord knows what, but he laid hold of me like a bear, and opening his mouth as wide as a sash window, said he must give me a buss—and had n't you come in as you did, who can tell what might have happen'd! for the creature, tho' he was countryfied, and rude, yet he was young and vigorous, and I assure you, that what with one thing——and another—he had almost——

Col. Gain'd your consent I suppose.

(*Aside.*

Amethist. —Made me ready to sink—I was so flustered, for he did not stand upon ceremony, he was for downright work, and wanted a game at —— romps, as he call'd it.

Col. A very turbulent lover upon my word; but these foxhunters are so us'd to leaping of five bar gates, that they think every thing is within their reach. However, he shall not go unpunish'd—I am oblig'd to kill him!

Amethist. It wou'd be a pity so ill bred a monster shou'd die by so powerful an arm, and fashionable sword.

Col. My sword, madam, (*Draws*) and every thing belonging to me is at your service. (*Flourishes*

Amethist. You're very obliging, I'm sensible of your goodness; but pray put it up again—I'd rather see any thing drawn than a naked sword—you know ladies are never fond of such

Col. Forgive him! Oh by all means: I owe him no ill will; but it wou'd be quite ungentleel not to fight him, besides I've kill'd but two men this whole season; that is, I don't reckon watchmen, chairmen, waiters, or such plebeians as those; such meer accidental affairs that happen everyday: but I speak of pitch'd duels, occasion'd by refusing the toast, or health propos'd over a batch of claret, or making a mistake at piquet, or quadrille, where a man's honor is concern'd, and not the least antipathy on either side. Why a gentleman is not qualify'd to keep good company now-a-days, that has not kill'd his man.

Amethist. I beg pardon, Colonel; I did not know that it was in vogue. Kill him by all means, if it's the fashion.

Col. Madam, your orders shall be punctually obey'd. Why read the papers! is there a week passes without a fashionable murder being committed? only the gentlemen are so modest as not to suffer any more than the initial letters of their names to be inserted; as t'other day when the Earl of ***, kill'd 'Squire _____, and when Lord Longstroke _____ kill'd Captain Blank—These are circumstances of honor, madam, and command respect.

Amethist. Kill him then in the name of goodness. I must be going to the Dutchess of Sunday's route—The handsome vicar there from Surry, that ran away with Miss Moidore, is presented with a living of eight hundred a year by her grace's interest, and is to be one of the party. Will you go?

Col. I'll fight the 'Squire first, and run him thro',
And then I'll come and play at cards with you;
So madam, till we meet again, adieu—— (*Going.*)

Amethist. Colonel, your most obedient. (*Exit Col.*)

Thus halt the town encounter different ways,
Promiscuously in revels, balls, or frays;
For while at home we belles engage quadrille,
The beaux abroad are fighting duels still. (*Exit.*)

E N D of the F I R S T A C T.

A C T II. S C E N E I.

THISTLE, *Miss* DEBORAH.*Thistle.*

SO Deb, yaw're cum to see Lunnnn are you, and unckle Beveridge, eh? I was at play-house last night, in Droora Leayn, and saw King, and great folk sit in pews. The pleâce is finer than Ootleby, or Fumble church by half, and more people in't than all the churches in Lancashire, I'd lay a wager. I zat o' unckle Beveridge's pew, with sum gentlefolk, but so praud that when I ask'd what a clockt might be, he gave me a squint like leauk, like a leering hound as he was, and turn'd round us much us to say, you may kiss my ———. And when players acted, Jome Shoar I think they call'd it; poor leady, I so pitied her, sure I cry'd a pawner. and them fools laugh'd at one for one's tender-heartedness.

Miss Deb. Why, brother Thistle, you are very filley sometimes; but I compute it to pappas given you your way too much when he was alive, and when you talk to ladies you're always conversationing about your horses, and dogs.---That's vastly ampolite---You shou'd talk like 'Squire Spangleby, when he resides into the country.---There's a peelite gentleman for you---has shoulders like a lady's, and as tall as a wand---excessive fine,---upon my honor---and then about the opera, ---and how the Dutcheffs of Ogleby made a bow with her head to Lord ---; handsome jewels, challenging Captain Such-a-one,---and God bless me, every thing that's peelite.

B

Thistle.

Thistle. Why, yow praud spoken pufs. If yaw was at Ootleby now, instead of unckle Beveridge's, I'd break yow'r yhead. What yaw mun pretend to talk too! I'd ha yaw take care Deb, I om not Harry Thistle naw, I om 'Squire Thistle umself, of Ootleby, near Fumble in Lancashire, and none of your airs, madam.

Miss Deb. Sir, if you use me ill, Captain Pairroyal shall resent it, and fight you, Sir, with his silver hilted sword. *(exit.)*

Thistle. Captain Pairroyal and you may ———, I'll knock him, and yaw 'o the head, if you donna hold yow'r tung.

Enter BUSH.

Bush. Please your worship, here's a peaper for you; *(gives a letter tied a billetdoux)* man that brought it, says't ceaym frum Cornal Sommat, mayhap 'tis to meak yow'r worship a Captain.

Thistle. Letter! Devil! Whyt's like Whil o' the Whisp: 'tis like nag's tail.

Bush. Agad so 'tis, donna open it, 'Squire; mayhap 'tis sum triak they'd play yow.

Thistle. It's the Devil! call nuncle, Bush!

Bush. *(goes to the door)* 'Squire Beveridge of Lunnun, your honor will please to come at wance; here's young 'Squire has got somat rong sent him.

Enter BEVERIDGE.

Beveridge. What is the matter, nephew? Is there any thing amiss!

Thistle. Nay, I cannaw tell, unckle, can you 'stronny?

Beveridge. I don't understand you, Sir.

Thistle. Then ope that, *(gives him the billet)* and let's see th' inside without tearing on't. ——— There's job for yow, naw.

Beveridge.

Beveridge. (reads) To ——— Thistle, Esquire: May I read it, Sir?

Thistle. Aye, aye, you may read't if you can ope it.

Beveridge. ——— (opens it and reads) ———

Sir,

Will's Coffee-house, 7 o'clock.

The indignity offer'd by you to Amethist, and myself yesterday, obliges me to persist in resenting it; and as I'm inform'd, you are a gentleman, presume you are not unacquainted with the methods us'd to resent affronts, and expect you'll meet me to-morrow morning behind Montague House, where I shall wait upon you, from seven till eight, with sword and pistols.

DELLAMOUR.

Busb. There! there! I told your worship 'twas no good.

Beveridge. You have began betimes, nephew, to engage in the usual quarrels of the town. I can't tell how to advise you in this affair. If you fight him, he'll have the advantage of you I'm afraid, and if you don't, he'll post you for a coward.

Thistle. Ise Thistle, unckle, and's ne'er fread of crab-tree, and if he'll teake a tussle at hip, and thigh, or play at cudgle for broken yhead, I'll be one upon's taw quickly.

Busb. And I'll beack his worship.

Beveridge. The Colonel is as great a stranger to these proposals, as you are to his; but I'm afraid he should take notice of you in public.

Thistle. Egad, I'll knock him o' the yead with but end o' ma whip, if he comes within whack o' me.

Beveridge. I believe it will be most prudent to keep out of his way, and I'll wait on him, and strive to accommodate matters otherwise, for the Colonel is a very resolute man.

Busb. And his worship's plaguy yheadstrong: if they once come to loggerheads, I wudn't give a fig for Colonel's life.

Beveridge. Nephew, you allow your servant too much liberties.

Thistle. A gryeat blabber-mawth'd daval, you're all-ways talking when you shudn't. Get the out o' my sight, or I'll knock thee o' th' yhead.

Bush. Your worship's veather wou'd not a told me so. [*aside*] *exit.*

Thistle. To be sure he's a good neatur'd soul.

Beveridge. True; but this is not a time to dwell upon the subject. You have more important things to engage you at present, Sir: Your affairs must certainly be in some confusion; you shou'd think of employing some body to regulate them. I'd advise you to send for the writings of your estate, nephew. It's a pity things of so much consequence shou'd be neglected.

Thistle. Why, I'm afraid of incumb'ring yow, unckle Beveridge.

Beveridge. Oh! 'twill be no incumberance to me, Sir, I assure you. I shall have a secret satisfaction in serving you as I intend. ——— You will come with me, and we'll get the instrument executed.

Thistle. I shall do every thing yow bid me, Sir.

(*exeunt.*)

S C E N E II.

PAIRROYAL, SHAVERALL.

Pair. Shaverall, good morrow; what success had you at Arthur's last night?

Shav. Pretty good. I nick'd the young 'Squire out of a couple of hundred shiners, which was all the ready he had about him—How do you come on with his sister, Miss Deborah! I suppose you've got the better of all her scruples, and country modesty, by this.

Pair. So far, that inviting her to the new house last night, to see the Beaux Stratagem, and prevailing upon her to conclude the evening with me at Berce's bagnio. After supper I prevail'd upon her to sip some arrack punch,

punch, and jelly, and we compleated the farce by going to bed together.

Shav. I give you joy of your new conquest, but imagine you've some other views in your amour, than barely satisfying your passion?

Pair. Certainly, or Miss wou'd never have had so much of my company, and complaisance. I'm not so stabile and chaste, as to be contented with one woman, when I can have five hundred to chuse out of. No, Sir; Miss Deborah Thistle will have the honor to be my lady Pairroyal; and I have the happiness to possess her five thousand pounds, which she has in a draft on the India Company. I cou'd not get it from her without using violence, which wou'd have made it felony; or I'd left her to bemoan the loss of it, and myself too.

Shav. I commend your notion vastly.—It must certainly succeed—I wish I cou'd get as much from her brother; he seems the greatest fool of the two—I can't marry him;—however, I'll recommend him to one that may——Bellinda!

Pair. An excellent thought, by Jove! She'll just do his business for him.

Shav. If any woman will, she will. However, I'll flux him out of as much cash as I can, while the affair is negotiating, and Bellinda and I'll go halves, with what she gets by him, after they are married.

Pair. Certainly, there never was too greater fools to be married to two wiser people; nor a scheme propos'd with greater probability of success.

Shav. We cannot be too expeditious in bringing things to a crisis.—We'll pass for brothers before them. 'Twill contribute to the accomplishment of our schemes.

Pair. You must remember then, that we are related to Lord Richington, and the Countess of Carraway, for fear of being detected in a lie.

Shav. I shan't forget; tho' a lie is never criminal till it is found out; but to tell one with the air of probabi-

lity, and to carry it on with œconomy, (while there are self-interested views in the case) is as nice a piece of policy, and shews the wit, and penetration of a man a vast deal more than relating a fact; for there neither memory, nor invention is wanting.

Pair. It is a very great accomplishment to be sure, and I don't know any one talent I'd sooner excel in.— However, I look upon it I'm as good a dissembler, as any about St. J——'s. Indeed, one lies under more disadvantages, when detected in any thing of the kind, than an Earl, or any other great man that has a title, and fortune to set it off.

Shav. This scheme may enable us to lie with as much assurance as the first men in the kingdom; and be as little anxious about being detected.

Pair. To be sure, if any thing will obliterate vice, money will; for what is only a foible in a Lord, wou'd be felony in either you or I; and the faults that men commit, are deem'd more or less criminal, according to circumstances of the folks who are guilty of them.

Shav. True; but paraphrasing upon the subject will not do our business, Sir. I'll away to young Thistle—I've promis'd to meet him at Arthur's again, by ten o'clock. I am teaching him to play at billiards. He seems damn'd fond of the game, and says in his country dialect, that 'tis beaytur by half than a geayme at bouls.

Pair. Does he come on any thing?

Shav. I can't say that he is very apt at that, any more than I believe he is at any thing else: But I never knew a man in my life take more pains, and be more anxious to lose his money, in a shorter time.

Pair. There's no great stratagem requir'd to get the advantage of him, I suppose.

Shav. Any more than you had, as you inform me, of seducing his sister.

Pair. To be sure, we can never attribute any great merit

merit to ourselves, in what we may get by the pair. However, as considerable profits will arise, we may be very thankful to fortune for having met with them. I'll visit my accomplish'd Miss Deborah, and contrive matters so as to spend the evening together with them in our company: it's a pity they shou'd want it, as they're so fond of it.

Shav. I'll do my part with the 'Squire, remember you call me, Sir William.

Pair. And me Captain. *(exeunt.)*

S C E N E III.

THISTLE, SHAVERALL.

Shav. Well met, 'Squire.

Thistle. Sur William, how'd'you do? I am just cum from uncle Beveridge's—A very good natur'd mon—He's going to keep my 'state for me.

Shav. *(aside)* It's well if he does not keep it for himself. However, I'll take care he shall have no more of his ready money. 'Squire, *(aloud)* I was just thinking of a scheme that may prove advantageous; we'll go to Arthur's, and take a hazard or two at billiards, and I'll afterwards introduce you to Bellinda, a great fortune.—You may very likely win her heart; if you do, your business is done for ever.—You'll have no occasion to be anxious about your fortune.

Thistle. Whay: I donna what to meayke of yawr Lunnun Leadies. Uncle shaw'd me to one t'otherday and she wanted to ha me moordur'd cause I gaen her a bus.

Shav. But this Lady is an acquaintance of mine, and a relation; she will not be affronted at any such thing.

Thistle. Why, if she's your kin she mun be good.—We'll e'en gaw and zee her.

Shav. With all my heart. Bellinda will be overjoy'd to see you. *(exit.)*

SCENE IV.

THISTLE, SHAYRALL, BELLINDA.

Shav. Sir, I have the honor to introduce you to this Lady; her name is Bellinda, a very near relation to my Lady Carraway, and myself----You'll do her the honor to be acquainted with her.

Bellinda. Sir William, is this the Gentleman you so strongly recommended in his absence? I'm glad to find he excels the description you gave of him. (*to Thistle.*)--You're welcome to town, Sir. E C 2

Thistle. Moam!

Shav. Yes, Madam: This is Squire Thistle, of Lancashire.

Thistle. Yes, Moam; 'Tis Squire Thistle of Ootleby, near Fumble in Lancashire.---I like you very well---Uncle Beveridge shaw'd me to a fine praud spoken puss---She turn'd up her nose like a caw at ma, when I spoak to her; cause I gave her a buss she scream'd aut like a nag, and made a soldiering gentleman cum, and wanted to murder me. I wish he'd a ferv'd me soa at yheam, I'd had him hang'd afore he was aware o' me.

Bellinda. I hope your life was not in danger, Sir!

Shav. Colonel Dellamour drew upon the Squire, for some liberties he took with Amethist, the great fortune. You know the Colonel and her, are very intimate.

Bellinda. Yes! Yes! They don't carry on their amour so secretly; but what other folks besides we have heard of it; I'm surpriz'd Ladies have not more regard for their characters, than to be acquainted with such debauchees; and I think the Colonel had little to do, to take so conceited a thing's part.

Thistle. There naw yaw speayk like a good neaytur'd thing. Buss me for that. (*salutes.*)

Bellinda. Sir, you do me a deal of honor; I wish you would put it in my power to grant you greater favors:

I never saw a person; that I was so struck with in my days——You've a charming complexion, Sir——

Thistle. Aye! He red o' the feayce like feayther.

Shav. Yes, the 'Squire has all the appearance of health in his physiognomy. I'll leave you together; 'Squire, you'll make hay while the sun shines——Madam your most obedient. *(exit.)*

Thistle. Good buoy. Sur William; I om reet glad he's gun Mess. Cum, we'll talk matters o'er naw——Yow're to know I se allwayes fawre horse o' the teayme, and ne'er boggles o' high road——I liken yaw, and if yow'll wed ma, I'll give yow a dawry, and settle five hundred pounds a year on yow, and yow shall reede in coach, and visit Leady Tory, and all gentlefolk o' the country. What say you, my Pevit? *(salutes.)*

Bellinda. Sir, your proposals are so honorable, and your conversation, and person so engaging, that they have quite conquer'd me. When shall we be married? *(aside.)* One must deal ingenuously with these fools, or they won't understand one.

Thistle. Why, to-morrow marning; get yourself ready, and we'll gow together to church at prayres time, and parson shall knock it off at wance.

Bellinda. Wou'd not it be more prudent to procure a licence, Sir? I shou'd be abash'd to give you my hand before a congregation.

Thistle. Why aye! I knaw yow wenches are sheam feac'd naw and ten, o' the deay tim; but yow're forward enough o' nights——Well, I'll get licence, and mind yow're ready.

Bellinda. Sir, I have too great a regard for you, to disappoint you——You forgot to give me a ring, Sir.

Thistle. Gad rabbet it, that's right. I've got o' ma poorse a ring that my ganney gaen me, the sabbath before she died; and she told me that she had yheard pr grandmother zay that it had wedded her ganney too, and

and for what I know, it may be as old as Methusalem. However, 'tis pure gawld. *(gives a ring to Bellinda.)*

Bellinda. (reads in the ring) 'Abraham, and Susan Thistle, anno Domine 1390.' An antient affair indeed, Sir—I'll wear it out of respect to the family—But it is customary for the Gentleman to present the Lady he intends marrying, with a diamond ring, besides a gold watch, and a suit of white sattin, to denote her virginity—Well, you put me to the blush.—

Thistle. What shud yow bloosh yhat? Are not yow to be my lawful wife? Here is a ring cost two hundred pounds o' feaythers moony, and a watch that plays Britons strike whoam—I'll buoy gown to night.

Bellinda. Sir, I'll save you that trouble: you may be impos'd upon, if you'll give me the money, I'll buy it myself.—I have not drawn my fortune out of the funds yet.

Thistle. Why, haw mooch may't be?

Bellinda. A meer trifle, Sir: About seventy pounds, with sprigs of embroidery.

Thistle. Seventy pounds! Why't cloath all women at Fumble, Ootleby, and rawnd aboot cawntry for seventy miles. But fine Leadies mun ha fine things. I don't begrudge it yow. *[gives her a purse]* Here take what yaw want.

Bellinda. I shall want some other things, Sir—I'll keep it—'Tis all one between you and I. *(kisses him.)*

Thistle. Egad, she thinks na mowre on't, than if it was bag o' marbles. *[aside]*—Why, there's faur hoon-dred paunds, wench! *(loud.)*

Bellinda. I believe it may do, Sir. *(salutes him.)*

Thistle. Egad, if it doesn't yaw shan't get more, yaw little pullet yaw. *(going.)*

Bellinda. You won't forget to come to-morrow, Sir; I shall impatiently wait you, Sir.

Thistle. Noa, noa, I'll com—buss me — *(salutes.)*
well, good buoy. *(exit.)*

Bellinda.

Bellinda. Farewel, my dear. (*laughs*) Ha! ha! ha! If ever there was a fool in the world, thou'rt one—Let me see the contents of his purse——If it had no more substance in it than his pate, it would not be worth notice. [*counts*] Twenty, thirty——eighty——one hundred——three hundred and eighty odd guineas——Come no had breakfast, let me tell you——a gold repeater, and diamond ring into the bargain, besides my old Susan Thistle's——They'll be as much a credit to me, as they were a disgrace to him——I love to make sure——A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush-- I may be married to him to-morrow, 'tis true, should not he, by some stupid action of his, disappoint us both. There's no dependance on a fool——However, should it happen that I should bubble him, my study must be to possess myself of every thing he's worth, and sue for a divorce for insufficiency.——And shou'dn't I gain my point there, 'twould be only sweetening his coffee with a little Apothecary's sugar.

*A woman that cannot invent a scheme,
To get a husband, and get rid of him;
Should be bereft of any power to charm,
Unable to do either good or harm.*

S C E N E IV.

PAIRROYAL, *Miss* DEBORAH.

Pair. Then my dear inimitable fair, four-and-twenty hours will complete our happiness. What say you, my charmer?

Miss Deb. I presume, Sir, you'll compute my silence to my consent. You know young Ladies mustn't say every thing they think. It is not peelite to do so, Sir.

Pair. You've the most polite manner of declaring your sentiments, I ever knew one, Madam.

Miss Deb. To be sure, Madam Needleby, where I
went

went to the boarding school, was very pirtteecilir in instructing young Ladies.

Pair. Your behaviour, Madam, are standing proofs of your education. Pray how did you like our opera last night?—Did the Italian performance please you, Madam?

Miss Deb. I was pridigiscle distracted with it. They exited it imcimperribly well.

Pair. I am glad you lik'd it, Madam.

Miss Deb. Sigginore Gardiner, is a fine man.

Pair. Simior Jardini does not want for a good phy-siognomy.

Miss Deb. To be sure, a good phisoggommy is vastly cimmindeebel.—You'll get ready to run away with me to-morrow night.

Pair. And we'll walk off genteely together, together
Miss.

Miss Deb. Genteely together, Sir! Yes, Sir.

Pair. You'll give me liberty to take my leave till then, Madam, (*salutes*) and believe me, to be till then Madam, your most obedient.

Miss Deb. Captain, your most obedient.

Pair. At eleven precisely. Adieu. (*exit:*

Miss Deb. Edew.—At eleven preseeslee—Captain Puerial will run away with Miss Deborah Thistle, daughter to 'Squire Thistle.—And then, laws me! what a pother there'll be—Where's Miss Deborah?—one will say, she's run away with the handsome, pee-lite, genteel, pretty Captain Pairroyal, the great beau; the Countess of Carraway's adopted son, and Lord Richington's nephew—And then 'twill be the Lady Pairroyal, not Miss Deborah Thistle! I shall run distracted—I'm so pleas'd—None of your country 'Squires for me.—I'll have a London beau, with a feather in his hat, and fine sword, with legs and thighs as nicely taper'd as a carrot; hands and fingers like a fan; a face like a golden pippin; dress'd like a tulip; as proud as

a peacock; and talk like a sterling. [*knocking without*]--
Come in.

Enter B U S H.

Bush. Miss Deb, I hope your worship's well. His worship 'Squire Thistle says, yow mun cum to his weading, to yeat sum briade keayke, and that yow mun be dres'd yowr beast cloas, and noot tarry too leayte.

Miss Deb. Get out, you countrify'd clown, and send my kimpleemints to the country gentleman, and tell him, that I am pissitiffly enrag'd with the Countess of Carraway's adopted son, Captain Puerial---The apparah! Sigginor Gardiner purfum'd excessife well---Stay, I must rite a billet ox to Sir William Shaveralk---And let me see---I am to go to Lady Bridleby's ride-out, Oh!

(*sings:*

To the Tune of, *The Attic Fire.*

*Now from the Country clowns I'm fled,
And by Pairroyal I am led,
The greatest beau in town;
How eagerly they'll gaze around,
When with a bow he'll touch the ground,
And I'll give them a frown.*

*One single glance shan't scape my eye,
One ogling look, or tender sigh,
Unto a country 'Squire;
In routs, and plays, my time I'll spend,
Rodottas, masquerades, no end,
I'll always them admire.*

Bush. Waunds, but her worship's mad.---Why, Miss Deb, Lunnun has meayde yow roon creazy,

Miss Deb. You impertinet booby! If you don't get out of my sight, I'll have you run thro' the body,

Bush. ---[*Sings*]---

To

To the Tune of, *The Female Phaeton.*

*Now Miss is got to London; she
Will think of Bush no more;
Nor the 'Squire more than me;
It's 'fraid she will turn whore.*

*Miss Deb. Was ever such a booby seen!
How dare you 'ddress me so?
Had Pairroyal but here been!
You'd not have serv'd me so. (exit.*

*Bush. Why, yow're plaguy touchy, Miss Deb! One
canna zay a word, but yow mun meayk twenty on't.--
Tell meayfter an you will. (exit.*

S C E N E V.

BEVERIDGE, Colonel DELLAMOUR.

*Col. Sir, I'm very ready to accommodate matters
with your nephew, at your intercession, as he acknow-
ledges himself in the wrong, for having so grossly of-
fended.*

*Beveridge. I'm oblig'd to you for your condescension,
Colonel.—The young fellow has more money than
wit.*

*Col. So it seems.—For I'm inform'd, that he
and his sister, are very intimate with Pairroyal, and
Shaverall, two of the greatest trimmers that frequent
Arthur's. I've known them myself these fourteen years
upon town.*

Beveridge. I've heard of them; proceed, Sir.

*Col. Shaverall, they say, has sluic'd him out of a
considerable sum of money, and is going to marry him
to Bellinda, the great belle, who was the toast of all
the*

the last year——that Lord Richinton and General Cam-
pum kept——and Pairroyal will play the same trick
with his sister.

Beveridge. So that I shall have the honor to be rela-
ted, by affinity, to one of the greatest sharpers in Eng-
land, and one of the most noted whores in town.

Col. You certainly will, Sir, except you prevent it
immediately.

Beveridge. Colonel, I am greatly oblig'd to you for
this item; I shall study how to return the obligations
you've laid me under.

Col. Sir, I shall be sufficiently recompenc'd, if my
intelligence should have the intended effect. I'm going
to Lord Harkington's levee: You'll give me leave to
bid you adieu, Sir.———

(*exit.*)

Beveridge. Colonel, your most obedient.———This
intelligence of the Colonel's is as acceptable, as his con-
descension with respect to Thistle was necessary; for had
the youngster been kill'd by him, which he certainly
wou'd, had he fought him, Thistle's next brother,
a student in the Temple, and no fool, wou'd have been
right heir to the estate, as he has no issue; and then
Harry Beveridge and I might suck our thumbs for an
unlucky disappointment: But I'll take care he shan't
come to so untimely an end, nor he, or his sister to so
dishonourable a marriage, by clapping him in a mad-
house, and sending her to a nunnery abroad; It's a duty
incumbent on all relations to see justice done to their
kindred.

A man with money, and small share of sense,

Is like a fertile ground without a fence.

(*exit.*)





ACT III. SCENE I.

BEVERIDGE, THISTLE, TRICKUM. *Table, Pens,
Ink, and Paper.*

TRICKUM.

THERE's nothing to do now, Gentlemen, but to execute the instrument, (*to Thistle*) you'll please to take of this seal, Sir.

Thistle. (*holds the seal*) And what then?

Trickum. Say after me. I deliver this as my act and deed. Beveridge, you'll please to take it.

Thistle. (*kneels*) Dear, and honored unckle Beveridge, I deliver this, as my act and deed, and ask your blessing, Sir.

Beveridge. Thou hast it, Nephew; and may you never want one.

Thistle. Thank yow, Sur, I b'm much oblig'd to unckle Beveridge, and yow Cawnfellow Trickum, for yowr kindness. However, yow shan't lose by it.

Trickum. You need not be anxious about that; we are sufficiently recompenc'd for our trouble, Sir. Beveridge, you'll take care of the young 'Squire—I'll wait on you again to finish your niece's affair.—(*softly*) Get her to make you her guardian, before witness; and I'll prosecute her old one; and force her fortune from him.

Beveridge. Counsellor; I shall entirely follow your directions. I know you'll advise me to nothing that's improper.

Trickum. That you may be assured of, Sir. I never acted without the limits of the law; in my life, and no
man

man in the nation has had more intricate causes in hand than I. Why, I've been oblig'd to forswear myself nine times in a forenoon, at Westminster; and after bribing perhaps a dozen attornies, and as many false evidences, beside giving the judge a feeling, have been oblig'd to have recourse to forgery, and false imprisonment at last, before I'd get the cause determin'd in my favor. So scrupulous is a court of judicature, and afraid of deciding a thing illegally. Why, there's Sir William Fumbleby, I was nine years spending his estate for him, before I dare venture to give it over to his defendant, who was secretly my client, as well as himself. The case was so plain, and I was a matter of three years before I recover'd it for myself again; tho' I had perhaps, some of the best civilians in England; such as the councils, Purlieu, Moider, and Backwell. You know nothing of the difficulties honest men meet with.

Beveridge. Why, thank God, I seldom was oblig'd to have recourse to law——Indeed I was necessitated t'other day, to stretch my conscience a little, about a bill that came on me for two thousand pounds, which happen'd to be witnessed by people who are since dead, and denying my hand-writing, by kissing a book, sav'd so much money.

Trickum. Ah! these are trifles, Sir.——But who is coming?

Tibble. Sister Deb, as fine and gawdy, as a midsummer doll.

Enter Miss DEBORAH.

Miss Deb. Servant Gentlemen; I've just been drinking coffee, tea, and ratafia, with Lady Bridleby, and was at her hed hot, oh, (*Sings*) Fal, la, de, la, de! You see, Sir, I can dance, and sing, and Captain Puretial taught me to —— do something else——Pray, who is this Gentleman, uncle?

Beveridge. (*to Trickum*) The girl is mad sure!

C

Trickum.

Trickum. (*aside*) The luckiest thing that cou'd happen. Why, if you don't be expeditious in getting her fortune from her Captain Pairroyal, as she talks of, and she will dance it away in a hiliary term, and then I shall have you to come upon for costs.

Beveridge. Don't be under any apprehensions; I'll export her this week.

Thistle. Why Deb, yaw'r run creazy, wench.

Miss Deb. _____ (*Sings.*) _____

[To the Tune of, *The Female Phaeton.*

See the country 'Squire now,

As aukward as you please,

He knows not how to make a bow,

Nor sit, nor stand at ease.

I really am asham'd to own

He is my brother, Sirs;

He looks so like a country clown,

With whip, and boots, and spurs.

Trickum. Lunacy—Secundam actæ parlimentine—mo contradicente.

Thistle. Why Counsellor, yaw speayk Greek better by half than awr parson speayks English.

Trickum. Very likely, Sir, (*to Miss Deb.*) Madam, your most obedient; you're welcome to our premises—I shall be glad to see you at my tenement within the term.

Miss Deb. Sir, I'm oblig'd to you.

Trickum. I'd advise you to throw yourself under your uncle's protection entirely, and make him your guardian. You'll have nothing to lose in the end.

Miss Deb. Whey, I eave no abjiction to any thing my uncle disposes; but Captain Puerial is going to run away with me, so that I shall not be obligation'd to accept of his disposals.

Beveridge.

Beveridge. To run away with you, child! What do you mean?

Thistle. Why, wench is in loove, nunckle, with a genman that walks with a zwoard, aye! as lung as coach whip, and wears ——— feather on's yhead as big as cock's tail———and dres viner by half, than Beadle o' Vumble parish, or any of Lord Loggeryhead's footmen——Egad! I was afrayd to speayk to um am most; he was so fine, and praud, and talk'd such high floan speeches.

Trickum. (to *Beveridge* aside) They are both mad. Why, the law wou'd admit of their being smother'd in a feather-bed, and a Coroner's inquest, with a small fee, wou'd bring them in *felo de se*, in five minutes.

Beveridge. True, Counsellor: But I've a scruple of conscience. Suppose I was detected in it, my life wou'd be in danger.

Trickum. (loud) If you was, 'twou'd be only bribing five or six reputable citizens to swear point blank, that you was in Spain at the same time; mollify the Jury, pay the Council, and tip the Judge a few moidores, you'd be honorably acquitted, and 'twou'd redound to your credit.

Beveridge. I have no other objection than what I told you, Sir——For a man of honor never likes to risk any thing of that kind, without he's morally assured of being acquitted.

Trickum. Well, well; as it can be done without any risk, 'tis the same thing. I must be going——There's a country gentleman waiting at my house, just come to town to have the opinion of a very intricate affair. A baronet's bull, of a dark complexion, made a trespass into one of his inclosed pasture grounds, arrable land, free-hold estate, and feloniously, villainously, and by the instigation of the devil, assaulted, and ravished, a cow of a fair complexion, calv'd in the parish of Madanton, that gave fourteen gallons of white milk, Win-

chester measure, three times *per diem*, the property of my client, the plaintiff. Now the case is, whether or no, he shou'd prosecute the baronet, or his bull: If he prosecutes wrongly he'll be nonsuited. Now I advise him to sue both, and then he'll be sure of the right; by exchequering the bull, and serving the baron with a King's Bench writ, that will keep me employ'd in two Courts, and give the defendant an opportunity to remit me bribes. I love every man to have a fair chance; I abominate underhand dealings——Gentlemen, your most obedient. *(exit.)*

Beveridge Counsellor, your very humble servant.

Thistle. I am foor that's a good clever genman: why he's fit for a Bishop.

Beveridge. He's fitter for what he is, nephew. Miss Deborah, you'll come with me. *(going.)*

Miss Deb. Yes, Sir. *(to Thistle)* Country 'Squire, your most obedient. *(exit.)*

Thistle. Mind what you're about now, Deb.

Beveridge. You'll see me again presently, Nephew. *(exit.)*

Thistle. Well, if Cornal Dellamour is good for nought, I am sure unckle and this genman is, I ne'er saw two such farringtly folk o' my dayes. I'll weyd Bellinda, and zister marry her fine genman.

My feather and my moother always zaid,

That Deb, and I, shud neaver die a maid;

And Ganny Thistle, and my Nanty too,

And if yow laugh at me, I'll laugh at you. [exit.]

S C E N E II.

BEVERIDGE, TRICKUM.

Beveridge. I believe, I have nothing to do now, but go and take possession, as Thistle has sav'd us the trouble of prosecuting him; For I am afraid of reposing any confidence

confidence in my brother, for fear he shou'd put the same trick on me, as we have on the 'Squire, by keeping it in his own hands.

Trickum. If he did, you might eject him out : But I advise you to put it out of his power of giving you that trouble, by refusing him the least share of it ; and shou'd he prosecute in the Common Pleas, possession's a main point in law, and by bribing his Attorneys, he wou'd be nonpross'd for want of procedence ; and upon his filing a bill in Chancery, shou'd the cause unfortunately run against you, for that Chancery's a great impediment to men of wit, and a protector of none but fools, and orphans.

Beveridge. I wish it was abolish'd.

Trickum. Before the verdict was given in his favor, you might, vend, sell, and dispose of the whole property, so as to have the full value of the estate, tho' he'd win the cause, and upon his serving you with a copy of a King's Bench writ, or execution. You might bail and bribe, bail and bribe, till he was tir'd, or dead in law. If he's the man of parts you represent him to be, I shou'd be very apt to suspect his conduct.

Beveridge. Your advice seems very sage, Counsellor ; but you have not quite finish'd my nephew's business for him yet. 'Tis dangerous letting so young a man be his own master. I was thinking of sending him to one of the Universities, and make a parson of him, as he's good for nothing else : but the church is stock'd with so many blockheads already, that he would hardly have a chance for a living ; and I've too great a regard for myself, than to be at any expence in maintaining him there. I think Bedlam is the fittest place for him.

Trickum. I think so too ; for there he will have none but fools to advise him ; and as he has sign'd, seal'd, and deliver'd over to you, and your heirs, and executors forever, I think you might as well do it at once. Invite him to supper, clap him in a coach, and send him to Bethel to night.

Beveridge

Beveridge. Counsellor, I've some little scruple of conscience too, his kindred to me I know 'tis a weakness.

Trickum. I'm surpriz'd a man of your sense should have any scruple in the world, than that of parting with your money. Conscience only belongs to people without property—What statesman would scruple to sacrifice his King and Country, to his own private interest? How many instances haven't we in history, and evident proofs to day?—I should never think it unjust to wrong another, if at the same time, I did not wrong myself, and any thing that is lawful with, or without bribery, is justice.

Beveridge. Sir, your eloquence has got the better of my difficulties. When a man is guided by his own interest, he seldom hurts himself.

Trickum. A man should never be bias'd by any thing else, Sir; self preservation is the first law in nature; we see it exist even the brute creation, and upon that, all self-interested principles are grounded.

Beveridge. I am of your sentiments, Sir.

Trickum. Then I'll wish you a good journey into the country, and a happy enjoyment of your new acquir'd property.—I must be at Westminster within an hour.—I have a cause in hand much similar to this, but a little more intricate. The plaintiff is a young lady of good sense and education, and sues her guardian for her fortune, which is eight thousand pounds. I am council for the defendant, and if law, stratagem, or pecunia, well applied will cast her. My care shall not be wanting—You'll excuse me.

Beveridge. Sir, your most obedient servant—I wish you success in your undertaking, with all my heart.

Trickum. Sir, your very humble servant. (exit.)

Beveridge. A good lawyer, and a good physician, are two of the most necessary agents in life. Though I look upon the lawyer to be greatly the best of the two, for with

with gold, and parchment, he'll cure the scruples of conscience, and resolve all intellectual doubts. Whereas the doctors can only remove disorders in the body, and those very seldom; for they pretend to more knowledge than they have.--I'll defer my intended journey till next week, which will enable me to prepare matters in a safer manner, for making a Bedlamite of young Thistle. As for Trickum, he has really negotiated this affair with honor, it will certainly redound to his credit. And Harry Beveridge, as the scheme was not carried on according to his plan, can have no sort of claim to the least share of the estate; for it is as lawfully mine, now as act, and deed can make it; and my niece's fortune no one can pretend to, but myself, as she has made me her guardian. But what's this noise? Come in.

Enter B U S H.

Busb. Fine work now, 'Squire Beveridge! There's young master, and miss, going to be married to night to two great rogues, and a whoar, and if yow donna meayk haste, and part 'um, they'll be church bubbled presently; for they've hir'd a parson that folk zay, is one o' the greatest rogues in London (and that's a great word, let me tell yow) and he's going to marry 'um directly.

Beveridge. Hey! This is unexpected news, indeed. When did you see my nephew last, friend? I never thought they'd have been so expeditious.

Busb. Not ten minutes agon, Sur, and drefs'd as quear and comical, Sur—I scarce knew him—And Meis with greep sloapes, as braud as horses girth tied to'r yhead—And gawn with boounch beyhind like haycock—and cowslips—and—and flies—and vermine painted all o'er 't.

Beveridge. Say no more, Bush. Go to Counsellor Trickum, and tell him, there's roguery going forward. Run!

Busb. It's well if he isn't concern'd in't. *(exit.)*

Beveridge. The world is arriv'd to such a degree of villainy—there's no transacting any thing with safety. If my nephew and niece, now are married to these two vile people, they'll lay schemes to get their fortune out of my hands, and I shall have their sins to answer for. The more honesty a man would act with, the greater rogue he is generally oblig'd to be. *(exit.)*

S C E N E III.

BEVERIDGE, TRICKUM.

Beveridge. How shall we manage in this affair, Trickum? My niece's fortune will be gone from me entirely. And I am apprehensive of Bellinda, and her gang's, giving Thistle dangerous advice relative to the recovery of his estate. I know I'm to blame, Colonel Dellamour hinted this to me before.

Trickum. Shou'd it happen so, you'd have nobody to condemn but yourself—As you was not so expeditious as you ought to have been. Had you taken my advice, you'd have clap'd your nephew into Bedlam, as soon as he made you patron of his estate, and exported your niece, with Clarenton the wine merchant's ship, that's bound to Madeira: And one hundred pounds of that five thousand she has, wou'd have maintain'd her in a nunnery for life. I have negotiated a hundred such affairs as these with half the trouble, and Bedlam, the plantations, and monasteries, are beholden to me for more inhabitants perhaps, than any man in the three kingdoms.

Beveridge. I know, Counsellor, you're a man of refin'd parts—I wish I could boast of as many advantages.

Trickum. This is not a time to compliment—Your nephew and niece, you inform me, are actually going to be dispos'd of in marriage, to people that may give them

them dangerous advice. There's no other remedy left now, but to bribe a man to swear a robbery against Pairroyal; apprehend him, seize upon him, his premises attach, and take his wife's fortune if they are married; then have him committed, and hang'd: I'll administer the oath—I've a deputation which will facilitate considerably the affair. Bellinda, take up with a magistrate's warrant, and by a mittimus, have her sent to Bridewell to do hard labour for bad practice, and then you may send the 'Squire to Bedlam, and his sister abroad. I'll leave you my bill, made out according to statute rules, I wou'd not wrong a man of a shilling.—
—(*gives a paper.*)

Beveridge. Counsellor, I know you're a man of too much honor.

Trickum. You'll hear of me again presently. (*exit.*)

Beveridge. Sir, your most obedient: I might have brought an old house upon my head, had it not been for timely reflection. However, thank God it's no worse. Let me see the Counsellor's bill. (*reads*) 'Anno Domini, 1764. Since the 14th inst. To Chamber advice, seventeen pounds; an execution of a deed Tripartite, thirty guineas; to the sentiments of Tri-personæ, nine guineas; opinion in common law, thirty-one pounds; ditto in Chancery, twenty guineas; Attendance on yourself twice, forty guineas; to procuring of falsarum personarum, one hundred pounds, lawful money of Great Britain; application of three bribes, thirty pounds; Attorney's bill not included. Sum total, Two hundred and thirty-nine pounds nineteen Shillings.'—For four and twenty hours conversation—To carry it on for a twelvemonth would just do my business for me. Trickum might well say, that conscience belong'd to none but people without properties. But what can't be cur'd, must be endur'd—For going to law with the lawyers, is like quenching fire with sulphur.

*The Lawyers pilfer both the great and small,
And fist them if they can out of their all.* (exit.

S C E N E I V.

BEVERIDGE, TRICKUM.

Trickum. Come, I think we've prepar'd things extraordinary well. Pairroyal in a few hours will have his legs ornamented in Newgate, according to act of parliament, and Bellinda secur'd in Bridewell.

Beveridge. And my nephew a lodging in Bedlam, and my niece embark'd for Madeira.

Trickum. I hope so.

Beveridge. Then I have nothing to do now, but settle with you, Sir. Will you walk with me to Lloyd's and I'll discharge your bill.

Trickum. You'll please to go, Sir. I'll follow you in ten minutes.

Beveridge. Sir, I shall wait you. (exit.

Trickum. It was necessary to have a little time to consider. I must double the costs of this last charge,—now there's this probability of success. It wou'd be doing injustice to let him have so much profit to himself. (pulls out a paper, and writes)—There's some sense of a charge now—The sum total seems to correspond with the circumstance. A man that wou'd scruple to enrich himself at the expence of a fool, ought to want.

(exit.

S C E N E V.

B U S H, Solus.

(Sings;

To the Tune of, *Moll Roe.*

*I'm hamper'd so within this city,
I cannot tell how to get out;
For had I been but quarter witty,
I'd naw been at ybeam without doubt.*

My

*My meayster will marry a vixen,
And miss she will marry a thief,
They ought to be scoff'd at and hiss'd on,
Oh! wounds! I shall sure die for grief.*

*Dame Rachael at Oaton, will mumble,
And always be plaguing me so;
And we shall do nothing but grumble,
I wish I was laid ne'er so low.*

*If I ask one o' folk of the city,
Can you tell me where such-a-one dwell?
They answer me, fool, you're half witty,
Was I but at ybeam, or in bell.*

*However, I'll pluck up my spirits,
And tho' I have but half a crown;
I'll get my two feet in the skirrups,
And gallop from this cursed town.*

Well,, I'll e'en gow to Lord Harkington, and mayhap he may do sommat for the young 'Squire; for I donna like that big wig'd man's leauks, Counsellor Trickum.
(Exit.

S C E N E VI.

THISTLE, PAIRROYAL, SHAVERALL, *Miss*
DEBORAH, BELLINDA.

Pairroyal. (To *Thistle*) 'Squire, I hope I shall have it in my power to call you brother, in a very few minutes.

Shaverall. And I the happiness of being ally'd to you by marriage, Sir. (To *Miss Deborah*) Madam, give me leave to place you next your intended spouse. And you, madam, (To *Bellinda*) with the 'Squire.

Pairroyal. Sir William, you do me honor.

Thistle.

Thistle. Yow're all on yow, so full of fine breeding, yow think nothing of sommat to chear up one's yheart, before parson cums. I knaw I'm plaguy dawn o' the mauth. Yo! ho! bring us zom beer, with toast, and nutmeg in't.

Miss Deb. Brother, I wonder you are not asham'd to ask for such impilite things before company. You aught to ask for Ladies water, or French wine.

Bellinda. (to *Miss Deborah*) You'll give me leave, Madam, to reprimand this Gentleman myself, as he is to be my husband in so short a time.

Enter BEVERIDGE, and TRICKUM, standing at a Distance behind.

Enter Parson SURPLICE, with a Book,

Pairroyal. Here comes a Gentleman, to join our hands, a circumstance that will end all disputes.——

Trickum. (to *Beveridge*, *aside*) A very pretty expression for people just upon the point of marriage. I'll make a signal for the constables to seize the two sharpers and Bellinda, by making my compliments, and do you the same to the 'Squire, and his sister, by giving them joy, that the sailors and coachmen, may take the hint.

Pairroyal. Doctor, your most obedient; we have impatiently waited for you.

Surplice. I was looking the lessons for the day, and took a dram for the cholic, that I might not find myself at a loss before company.

Shaverall. You Gentlemen of the gown, are never at a loss for a text.

Trickum. (to *Bellinda* and *Pairroyal*) Madam, I understand you're going to join hands with 'Squire Thistle, and you, Sir, with his sister.

Pairroyal. Yes, Sir. (To *Bellinda*) Who the devil is this?

Bellinda,

Bellinda. I don't know. I don't like his looks.

Beveridge. (to *Thistle* and *Miss Deborah*) So cousins! you're dispos'd for marriage. I give you joy; I have invited myself to your wedding.

Thistle. Uncle, I give you joy to awr wedding; zister and I's going to be mar'd.

Miss Deb. Yes, Sir.

Enter Lord HARKINGTON, Colonel DELLAMOUR, AMETHIST, BUSH, followed by six Constables.

Lord Hark. [to the Constables] Secure him in the bag wig, and black gown first. (they seize *Trickum* and [Surplice.

Col. Dell. And that Gentleman with the cockade and his companion. [they seize *Pairroyal* and *Shaverall*.

Amethist. And that Lady in embroidery; she has made free with my name. [they seize *Bellinda*.

Trickum. Libertas! Populorum! An assault in battery, and Scandalum magnatum.

Bush. Waunds! he's talking about Pope! Take care, genmen.

Col. Dell. Sir, nothing but downright English will digest now, I am so much a Lawyer as that comes to. So you may keep your Arabic to yourself.

Trickum. Ignoramus, nemo contradicente.

Amethist. Ignominous, sure enough.

Bellinda. What can this mean!

Shaverall. They've play'd booty.

Col. Dell. It's all fair play, Gentlemen, on our sides.

Lord Hark. As much as it is foul on yours.

Pairroyal. What not one hazard left! I'll hold you three to one, that you're mistaken, Gentlemen.

Lord Hark. We are not come to lay wagers, Sir; matters shall be decided otherwise.

Beveridge. Are not these vile proceedings?

Col.

Col. Dell. They are indeed, Sir. I shou'd never have thought you capable of them.

Lord Hark. It wou'd be a pity the aggressors shou'd go unpunish'd; It was but by meer accident, I came acquainted with your inhuman attempt, on the young Gentleman and his sister, your relations; thro' whose credulity and inexperience ye thought both of you to enrich yourselves, as well as these quality. [*To the Sharpers, &c.*] And I thought it a duty incumbent on me, as a man of honor, to prevent their ruin by my interposition, and the wholesome law of our country will, I hope, punish ye all for your unpardonable villainy.

Surplice. But I hope. Gentlemen, ye won't bring me into the scrape.

Bush. Effegs, if they do, 'tis no more than yow deserve, for wanting to bring other folks into one.

Trickum. Why, Sir, as an accomplice you ought to be committed, and if it was a robbery, hang'd, without you turn'd King's evidence, or us'd perjury, which I look upon to be the most honorable way of proceeding. For the other is a breach of trust in fact, though not in law.

Lord Hark. Sir, we shan't put you under the necessity of having recourse to such base methods.

Trickum. [*aside*] Then I'll bail the action, enter appearance, remove the cause, fee the judge, and cast them. [*the Constables make a motion to take them off.*]

Thistle. ————— (*Sings*) —————

Tune, BOBBIN JOAN.

How now, prithee men,

What the deuce's the matter,

Pray thee, nunckle, can

You tell, why's all this clatter?

Lord Hark. Don't be uneasy, Sir. It is the luckiest surprize, perhaps you ever met with. Your uncle, and
this

this Gentleman, your pretended friend, the Counsellor, thought to enjoy both your, and your sister's fortunes, by sending you to Bedlam, and her to a nunnery. This Lady [*Bellinda*] thought to impose herself on you for a woman of family and fortune, when at the same time, to my certain knowledge, she's a profess'd whore.

Col. Dell. And that sham Captain (*Pairroyal*) as great a rogue as any in England.

Lord Hark. As well as his comrade there. (*Shaverall*) You'll carry the Gentlemen (*to the Constables*) to Newgate, and the Lady to Bridewell, where they may very probably meet with more suitable matches, and people that will reward them for their trouble. [*Constables take them off.*]

Trickum. Falsè imprisonment. Secundum actum parliamenti. (*They take him off.*)

Beveridge. My Lord, have you no regard to a Gentleman's character. (*They take him off.*)

Lord Hark. I'm sorry you have had so little, Sir.

Pairroyal. (*to Miss Deb.*) M'intended—you've lost your partner now---you must play your own game.

Miss Deb. Where are you going, Captain?

Pairroyal. To the capital of all England, Madam--- Newgate, (*They take him off.*)

Miss Deb. Laws me! Take me with you.

Bellinda. Madam, you may be sent there soon enough, as well as your betters—I'm going to Bridewell.—

(*They take her off.*)

Thistle. Waunds! but I'll go too.

Lord H. You, and your sister had better thank providence, our timely interposition, and think of conducting yourselves with more œconomy for the future. The writings of your estate, and your sister's fortune shall be returned to you to-morrow.

Thistle. Lord Harkington, I am much oblig'd to you.

Miss Deb. We shall study to make the proper use of your favors, Gentlemen.

Lord

Lord Hark. And Amethist, and you Colonel, could not give a more convincing proof of your honor, and reciprocal regard, than by embracing this opportunity, now the Divine is present.

Amethist. What say you, Colonel.

Col. Dell. Why for conformity's sake, I'll give you my hand, my heart you've had long since. *(The Par-son joins their hands.)*

Lord Hark. Thus the dissolution of a deceitful marriage, has been the occasion of a very sincere one. I give ye joy, and may you be as happy after this ceremony, as before. *(They all compliment.)*

Busb. Egad, if they are, 'tis more than I was. *(aside.)*

Lord Hark. *If such a thing as honesty abides,
Within this town, or any where besides.
'Tis more than Lawyer Trickum ever knew,
Or any one belonging to the crew.*

E N D

